THE PRACTICE

practiced by the Pope and his prelates. which they haue vsed synce they came to their estates.

(::)

Alas alas, what shall I now doo:
My kyngdome is lyke, no longer to stande:
These Englysh men, wyll me vndoo:
And dryue me quyte out of their lande,
I may to them, holde vp my hande,
And say a due, my frendes all,
But specially, my preestes of Ball,

Yet at the fyrst, whan that I harde,
How that my Pylgrimages, were put downe,
And that my pardones, they dyd not regarde,
Nor cared not for my triple crowne,
All this, lytle minished my renowne:
Hopyng to haue it vp agayne all,
By the craftye conueyaunce, of my preestes of Ball.

And as for Scala celi, my Malle,
with idle holydayes in the yere,
For the losse of them, I dyd not passe,
Bycause they were, but slender gere,
I haue men lyeng. euery where:
That can make them new agayne all,
By the wycked counsell, of my preestes of Ball.

And than agayne, for my Peter pence,
The which came yerely to my purse.
They haue lytle bated my expence,
Nor made my cofers, lytle the worse,
And though they doo not regarde my curse,
Nor yet my blessyng, amongest them all,
yet this wyll be recouered, by my preestes of Ball.

And as for all my Abbayes and Selles,
with Charter houses and Monesteries,
That were thrust downe. with hallowed welles,
Therein to wasshe, for feare of ferys,
All this, my kyngdome lytle werys,
Not doubtyng to haue it by agayne all,
By the wycked counsell, of my preestes of Ball.

My fat headed Monkes, & my. iiii. orders of Friers
My stoute Channons, and wympeled Nonnes,
which were dryuen out, as sellers and byers,
All this with other, in agayne commes,
For I haue store ynough, in other kyngdommes,
And also in Englande, when so euer I call,
As knoweth full well, my preestes of Ball.

And

And as for the name of Supreme heade:
For that, I doo not greatly care:
So longe, as by my lawes they are leade:
Let them dyspyse me, and not spare,
All thys can not make, me worse to fare.
Hopyng to haue yt, vp agayne all,
By the deuyse, of my preestes of Ball.

But I maye my self, bothe curse and ban:
And teare my clothes, for very madnes:
That when I was, with euery man,
Regarded much, in erneſt sadnes:
Then vsed I, suche open badnes:
That the people, fled from me all:
Sauyng, my louyng preestes of Ball.

I had no measure, in sellynge of my wares:
But made them paye, I cared not what,
Which was the begynnyng, of all my cares:
But now to repent, it is to late,
I vsed such a geynfull common rate,
That the people, fled from me all,
Sauyng, my louyng preestes of Ball.

Also my Byshops, I trow they were mad,
That when they saw the Abbayes put downe,
And that the kyng, their treasure had,
All thys, mynished lyttell their renowne,
But one, as with his shauen crowne,
Toke counsell, with hys fellowes all.
Insurrection to make, by my preestes of Ball

And when they sawe, their euell chaūce:
How in that, they were ouercome:
Then sent they one, vnto the kynge of Fraunce,
To carry hym worde, they were vndon,
Desyryng hym, with all and some:
That he wold helpe. hys subiectes all:
To set vp agayne, the preestes of Ball.

And then an other, into Scotland was sente:
That they, on the other syde shuld be doyng:
So that, their subtyll intente,
Must goforwarde, in euery thyng,
Continuall warres, they dyd bringe:
Whiche was to stoppe, Goddes truthe with all:
By the customed practice, of my preestes of Ball:

And when these men, were set on worke.
Hauynge mynde of nothyng but battayle:
Then dyd my men, together lurke,
Thynkyng, on their purpose to preuayle:
Deuysyng a beaste, with vi. heades and a tayle,
Desyryng the kynge, with his counsell all,
To lycence my beastes, the preestes of Ball.

And when that lycence, then was graunted.
They begane to bragge, in euery place:
And the new gospellers, by them were taunted:
Thynkyng ther by, the truthe to defase:
Alas there ys an heuy case.
For downe I must, with my baggage all:
Sparyng not me, nor my preestes of Ball.

Styll

Styll dothe the kyng, contynew in warre:
And hath almost spent, the ryches of the Abbayes:
Thys gere, I feare me, wyll vs cleane marre:
Gatheryng of money, my power decayes:
Colleges, and Chaunteries, in theyr ryche arayes;
They are lyke now, to go downe all:
And thus decayes, my preestes of Ball.

And when the ryches, of them ys wasted,
Then, haue at the Byshops landes:
And Cathedrall churches, shalbe tasted:
The which, full gorgyously now standes:
I maye lament, and wrynge my handes:
Geuyng vp the soule titles all:
And take my leaue, of my preestes of Ball.

By thys my darlynges, shall be made so poore:
That they shall not be able, to doo me good:
But shall go begge, from doore to doore:
With sad countenance, and carefull mood:
To chafe, frette, or to be wood:
It wyll not helpe, nothynge at all.
But farewell, my noynted preestes of Ball.

Farewell mattens, with tunable notes:
Farewell euensong, done at nyght.
Farewell Diriges, with trentall grotes:
Farewell Idolles, now put to flyght:
Farewell, my great god of myght:
Farewell ones agyne, my god of all:
Farewell good nyght, my preestes of Ball.

Farewell Par, Pascalls, and Palmes:
Farewell Alter, Alshes: and Aue maries:
Farewel Poztuous, Pystelles and Psalmes:
Farewell Anteme of Alys: and Annes:
Farewell commendations, and also moztuaries:
Farewell my copes, and bestimentes all.
Farewell my shauen pzeestes of Ball.

A dew my holybzead, in howsell stede.
A dew my holly water, foz beniall synnes:
A dew my creppyng, to the crosse at nede.
A dew my belles, with all their gynnes.
A dew cusshyons, knelynges, and crouchynges:
A dew my sensozes, and cruets all.
A dew my full trust, in the pzeestes of Ball.

Commende me to my seuen sacramentes.
But specyally, to my good derlyng Whyte cote,
And shewe to hym, that my good intentes.
The chzistians, nothyng regarde oz note:
Goddes wozde, amongest them is so hote.
That downe I must, with my baggage all,
Sparing not me, noz my pzeestes of Ball.

And as foz the .vi. Gardiners Golpelles.
They are euen sodeynly, now decayed.
And also my .vi. Articles.
Thys maketh me in dede, to be afrayde,
I haue but small trust, in fresh ayde.
Foz surely my ceremonies: wyll go downe all.
That out alas, my pzeestes of Ball.

Thus

Thus with euell wyll, I take myne flyght.
Departyng a waye, with wofull chere.
Neuermore in England, to come in syght:
Now saye Lawyers, to thys gere:
I wys I helped you, this menny yere,
With kepynge the people in blindues all,
But we trust no more to the preestes of Ball.

Leaue of your byndynge of heauy burdens,
Upon mens shoulders, to oppresse them downe:
Leste you and I, lyke idle lurdens,
Go labor a bout, from towne to towne,
I saye trust no more, to my shauen crowne,
But minister truly, a mongest you all,
And haue no more truste in the preestes of Ball.

Now maysters, you that dyd here:
The pitifull complaynt, of my song.
Wolde very gladly, see it appere:
Thynkynge the tyme, to be very longe:
Thys professe of myne, wyll not prolonge.
For the breath of God, wyll downe with all:
Shortely not to see, a preeste of Ball.

God saue the kyng, hys noble grace,
And send hym to spye, the subtiltie of the bysshoppes
And that he may in any case,
Once thrust downe, these forked toppes:
For as long as the pye, in ỹ kyngs chambre hoppes,
The silly sheepe, and lambes all,
Are lyke to be deuoured, with the preestes of Ball.

Doo

Doo not thynke here, that I discommende,
Any of the sacramentes, that Christ dyd institute:
For I dyd neuer so pretende,
My mynde was, nothyng but to confute,
The abuses of thynges, therein to dispute,
which I wolde were taken away in generall,
No more to be mainteyned, by the preestes of Ball.

Finis.

Wyllyam Samuell.

Imprinted at London by Humfrey
Powell, dwellyng aboue
Holburne conduit.

And are to be solde by Hugh Syngleton,
at the sygne of sayut Augustine,
in Poules church yarde.